

PS 2675
R 4 C 5

A CHRISTMAS CHIME



A Christmas Chime

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning."

*composed
by A.D.
F. Randolph*

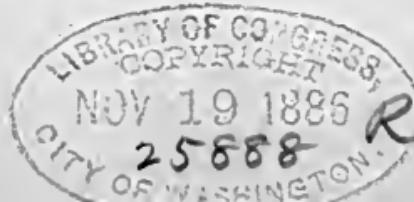
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Tcame upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :

“ Peace on the earth ; good-will to men,
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

GLORY to God ! the lofty strains
 The realm of ether fills ;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
 O'er Judah's sacred hills !

“ Glory to God ! ” the sounding skies
 Loud with their Anthems ring :
“ Peace on the earth ; good-will to men,
 From heaven's Eternal King.”



THOSE voices from on high are mute ;
The star the wise men saw is dim ;
But hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the Angel-hymn :

Glory to God in loftiest heaven,—
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
Good tidings unto man forgiven ;
Peace from the presence of the Lord.



OUT in the midnight's white and starry splendor
Once more the glad bells ring;
While softer human voices, sweet and tender,
With songs of Christmas sing.

The whole clear night seems bending low to listen,
The Church lifts up its cross ;
And solitary, snow-capped mountains glisten,
And blue seas flash and toss.

AND clear to-day, as long ago,
The Angel-chorus echoes still
Above the clamor and the throe
Of human passion, human woe—
Good-will and peace. Peace and good-will.

Through eighteen hundred stormy years
The dear notes ring and will not cease;
And past all mists of mortal tears
The guiding star rebukes our fears—
Peace and good-will. Good-will and peace.



A HYMN of Hope to the Ages,
The music of deathless Trust,
No frenzy of mortal rages
Can darken with doubt or dust—

A rapture of high evangelists,
But centered in sacred calms!
Ah! still the chorus of Angels
Thrills over the Bethlehem Palms.

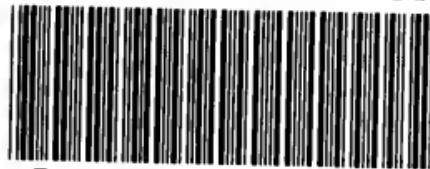
WTILL heralds the day-spring tender,
That never can melt or close,
Till the noon of its deepening splendor
Out-blooms like a mystic rose,

Whose petals are rays supernal
Of Love that has all sufficed—
And whose heart is the grace eternal
Of the fathomless peace of Christ.





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